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SOUVENIR
ASTORIA CENTENNIAL
CELEBRATION

OREGON'S GALLANT "TWENTY FIVE"

COMPOSED AND WRITTEN BY
B. F. ALLEN ADJ'T, CUSHING POST G. A. R.

DEDICATED TO OREGON'S DEPARTMENT DRUM CORPS G. A. R.

PRICE 15C.

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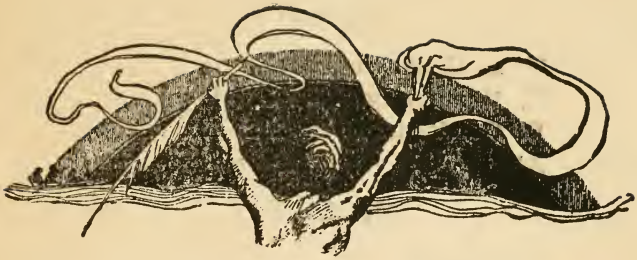

ECHOES OF 1861-5

To those who may be interested in the folowing poem, I wish to state that my object in its production is to raise means to bring the corps to Astoria for a few days participation in our Centennial Celebration Aug. 1911. These veterans of the civil war served from 1861 until the end of that great struggle; enlisting as musicians. The fife and drum in those days were the leading and principle instruments of music on the march and battlefield, and nothing could equal its influence to stir the heart with patriotism, and daring effort in time of battle, quite a number of the members of this corps are considered even today, by critics of the present time, most skillful musicians, having kept up practice since childhood. The membership of Department of Oregon Drum Corps, G. A. R. are as follows

Officers:

T. E. Hills, President
R. W. Lundy, Vice-president
P. G. Wells, Secretary
Abe Axtell, Chief musician

Members:

H. Kane,
C. A. Stockwell,
W. H. McClellan,
James Meyers,
W. H. Brooks,
James Vaughan,
W. P. Miles,
R. D. Amidson,
L. C. Koser,
John Kelley,
J. D. Horsman,
John Baldwin,
J. T. Buttler,
L. M. Kellogg,
James McHolland,
Chas. Bascue,
J. T. Confer,
E. B. Grant,
J. W. Adams,
Henry Metz and
Ephram Ramsby.

E. B. Grant took part with drum in a band that played "hail to the chief" on one of the oc-

casions when Lincoln reviewed the troops at the siege of Petersburg. James Meyers played the drum at the general review of the troops at Washington D. C. at close of war.

Brooks and Vaughan beat the muffled drum at Lincolns funeral, all the rest have interesting experiences which must be omited here for want of space.

B. F. Allen.

OREGON'S GALLANT TWENTY FIVE

(1)

The drummer boys of the sixties we know,
Few are left, they're old, their footsteps slow;
But they're a happy band and just as gay
As when they marched the southland way,
With youthful vigor of ruddy glow,
In life's morning, many years ago.

(2)

The youngest of all the lads to volunteer,
For country's cause and homes most dear
Were the drummer boys like those today,
Who from toy drum, had learned to play
And lead their playmates in parade,
With guns of wood, and wooden sabre blade.

(3)

They're scattered now, just like the ones,
They led in line, with shouldered guns
Each state has but a few to score,
Oregon numbers, but one and twenty-four;
This gallant band, with battle scar,
Department drum corps, G. A. R.

(4)

Oregon's veteran drum corps, twenty five
Have organized, to keep memories alive,
Of days far passed, of years, long run,
Of camp fire joys, of battles, lost and won,
Of sweetheart's first and tender love,
Of a mother's prayers to heaven above.

(5)

The rollcall muster by seperate name,
Axtell, Adams, Amidson, Brooks,
Baldwin, Kane,
Buttler, Bascue, Confer, Grant, Horsman, Hills,
Koser, Kelley, Kellogg, Lundy, Meyers,
Wells,
McHolland, McClellan and Miles, arive,
Metz, Ramsby, Stockwell, Vanghan, —
twenty-five.

(6)

Forty-six years ago, in springtime bright,
April thirteenth, Lee, gave up the fight,
Axtell, Grant, Koser, McClellan, there
.that day,
They'd been with Grant, throughout the fray,
That stained Potomac's waterflow
In the bloody days of long ago.

(7)

Others of the "twenty-five" took active part
With drum and fife, to cheer the soldier heart,
From Big Bethel and Bull Run's hail of shot
and shell,
Where thousands fought, and thousands fell,
To secession's final debt to yield
On Petersburg and Richmond's field.

(8)

Trough the Carolinas, Louisana and Florida,
From Vicksburg to Alabama and Mobile Bay,
Those years of toil, anguish, tears, and joys,
Were shared in part by the drummer boys.
Some of the "twenty-five" were there,
Young lads from a mother's tender care.

(9)

Arkansas, Missouri, Kentucky and Tennessee,
Trough Georgia with Sherman, to the sea,
Adams, Amidson, Brooks, Baldwin, Confer,
in line,
Meyers, Metz, Miles, Ramsby, to
martial time,
Where Resacca, Kennesaw and Atlanta gave
Twenty thousand lives, our flag to save.

(10)

Trough all the years that market the strife,
Trough battles fierce, and gloom of prison life,
Trough sad and deary moments, only known,
By those, with fond and loving hearts at home,
The soldier boy, in manhood's might
Undaunted stood, to guard the right.

(11)

Fortyrsix years of time's rapid flight to tell,
Has left its footprints, both sure and well;
The golden hue of Autumn's withering sear,
Tells of life's December, cold and drear;
Gallant "twenty-five", how thy cheer,
With sunsets rays reflecting near?

(12)

May sweetest memories of the distant past,
Attend thy dreams, whilst life doeth last,
And brightest visions illume thy way,
Bringing peace and joy, in your "today",
May the ties wich bind, unbroken be
Troughout life, and all eternity.

DEDICATED TO THE DEPARTMENT DRUM CORPS OF OREGON, G. A. R.

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